

## YOUNG MAN GOES INSANE VERY SUDDENLY

W. E. Ferguson, Employed As  
Driver by Warren Laundry  
Company, Suffering From  
Loss of Reason.

One of the strangest cases in the history of the city is that of W. E. Ferguson, a young man who suddenly became insane on Sunday evening, and is now at the C. & A. hospital under the observation of the physicians, who have not as yet been able to determine whether the man is only temporarily insane, or whether his reason has been lost to him forever.

Ferguson came to the city from Texas some months ago, and shortly after his arrival in the city secured employment driving a delivery wagon for the Warren Laundry Company. He has always given evidence of being a bright, intelligent young man, and his services have been highly satisfactory to his employers, who state that he had no bad habits, and was very reliable.

Several days ago Ferguson complained of pains in his head, and mentioned the matter to several other employees at the laundry as well as to one or two of his friends. He described it as being a severe headache which he could not get rid of, and day after day complained that it seemed to be getting worse.

On the advice of one of his associates he secured some of the simple remedies for headache, but nothing seemed to afford him any relief.

On Sunday evening he became a great deal worse, and his room-mate called in a physician. By this time Ferguson had begun to act queerly, and as soon as the physician examined him he recommended his removal to the hospital. Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock he was taken to the C. & A.

hospital, and has been under observation ever since.

The physicians have repeatedly questioned the man on almost every subject, but have been unable to get him to speak a word. He simply sits and stares at anyone who questions him, with the unmistakable glare of a madman in his eyes. The hospital authorities are hopeful that the attack is nothing more than a temporary aberration, and that it will not be necessary to confine him in an asylum.

## YUMA HAS TERRIFIC DYNAMITE EXPLOSION

The dynamite in a tool chest being used by the chain gang employed on Second avenue, situated at Seventh street, exploded with a noise heard for miles, says the Yuma Sun. Hundreds of windows in that part of town were shattered, notably those in the residence of W. P. Timmins, which is half a block away. In this house every window was shattered and many of the frames shaken out of the building. The family was just retiring and naturally the explosion caused great consternation. Other families were startled by the shock, and there was much seeking for information as to what had happened, and where.

A great hole was blown in the ground, and dirt was thrown 800 feet, but nobody was hurt.

Wingate Lindsey has charge of the chain gang in whose tool box the dynamite was located. What caused the explosion is not known.

DR. RICKETTS VISITS  
S. M. L. & CO'S WORKS

Dr. L. D. Ricketts, now manager of the Greene-Cannons Copper Co., accompanied by R. A. Brewer and W. C. Rhinehart, both of Duluth, and both said to be expert lumber men, went out on Tuesday to Madras where the Sierra Madre Land and Lumber Co. has its headquarters and is building its great saw mills, etc.

It is understood that Dr. Ricketts' visit was one of inspection as the Sierra Madre Land and Lumber Co. is now controlled by the Greene-Cannons Co., which obtained control of the former through the recent merger of the Greene Consolidated Copper Co. and the Cananea Central company.



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## MRS. WALTER HUBBARD IS LAID TO REST

Last Sad Rites Over Remains  
of Young Mother Touch-  
ing in Extreme.

Mrs. Katherine Hubbard, beloved wife of Walter Hubbard and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Haney, who died at Badger, Kansas, last Monday, was laid to rest at Evergreen cemetery Sunday afternoon amid burial ceremonies that were at once touching and impressive. Services at the house of the deceased's parents and at the grave were conducted by Rev. Father Meurer at St. Patrick's Catholic church of which Mrs. Hubbard was a member. Requiem high mass was sung Monday morning at the church, Father Meurer also officiating.

The pall bearers were John Twomey, William Needham, Harry Jennings, James Landon, John Bowen and L. C. Shattuck, all old-time friends of the family.

The funeral, which was one of the most largely attended that has been held in this city, told better than words of the love and esteem in which Mrs. Hubbard was held by her life-long friends and neighbors.

It was a touching scene at the grave where the bereaved husband and parents took their last view of all that was mortal of their beloved and many were the tears of genuine sorrow that voiced the feelings of those who had come to pay their last respect to the dead.

The saddest feature of Mrs. Hubbard's sudden demise lies in the being of an infant son, who will never know a mother's love.

The Review joins with a host of friends in expressing sympathy and condolence to the bereaved families.

DOUGLAS' NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

DOUGLAS, Feb. 4.—(Special).—The new high school will open on Monday with the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades composed of three hundred and twenty pupils and five teachers. School seats and desks were being placed in the new building yesterday and it will be ready for the first contingent of pupils and teachers on Monday.

The vacancy this will cause in the Seventh street school will result in an effort being made to give the children, who have not hitherto had the chance, an opportunity to attend. The school will be continued and many Mexican children, who have been kept out of school because of lack of accommodation, will have no excuse for not attending.

The enrollment of the city schools for January was 1040, the attendance being 900 on account of bad weather and the muddy condition of the streets after the heavy rains. Absence from school hereafter will have to be fully explained as Lee Thompson has been appointed truancy officer in conjunction with his other duties. Truants and absentees who give no account of themselves will be looked up by him and the attendance is expected to become regular in consequence.

Miss Lou Yates, a graduate of Tennessee, who has been teaching at St. David, arrived in Douglas this morning and will take the primary grade in the Seventh street school. The new high school will be open for the inspection of the public tomorrow afternoon, when the first chance to have a view of the completed structure from the inside will be taken advantage of by hundreds.

EMMET MINE SOLD TO  
CALIF. SYNDICATE

The Emmet mine has been sold to a Los Angeles syndicate, which has made a \$10,000 payment on the purchase price and bought a five-stamp mill and a new hoisting plant which will be erected as soon as delivered on the ground, says the Prescott Journal-Miner.

There are several hundred tons of good ore blocked out in the mine besides a large amount on the dump, and it looks now as if the old producer will be one of the busiest places in the county before summer.

The Emmet mine, a patented property, is located in the foothills of the Black Hills range, on the eastern boundary of Locomotive Valley in the Mineral Point district, about three miles northeast from Yaeger station, on the Bradshaw Mountain road.

R. H. Connell, owning mining claims about 17 miles southwest of Camps, Sonora, left yesterday for his property. He has 160 acres of land, and in some of his prospects he has found ore running 120 ounces in silver, 4 per cent copper and \$6.00 in gold.

## Major Crofoot. Grand Promoter

The Up to Date Frenzied Financier  
Lies His Laundry In on the  
Ground Floor.

(Copyright, 1906, by R. Douglas.)

AJOR CROFOOT, grand promoter and up to date frenzied financier, sat with his feet on his office desk and a worried look on his face. It was the season for fishing, but judgments were scarce. When the door behind him softly opened he felt a chill go up his back. He had made a close study of the way a creditor enters an office, and he realized that the corner was one. He had already decided that it was a woman, and the chances were even up that it was one of his numerous landladies who had unsearched him when the person strode into view.

It was a woman, but not one of his landladies. It took him half a minute to look on his face.



"WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ANYBODY?"

As she stood there to recognize her as the landlady he had parted from three months previous. The parting had been a very quiet one. He had simply retired from that quarter of the city and killed two birds with one stone—landlady and landlady.

"So I have found you out?" said the landlady as she sat down on a broken backed chair and set her jaw.

"Can it be my dear landlady, Mrs. Hazleton?" exclaimed the major as he jumped up. "No. But it is. Excuse this emotion, my dear woman, but you take me off my feet. So you did not die?"

"Why should I die?"

"Because people who are hit by a three ton automobile and flung a hundred feet high generally die over it. When I was told by a policeman that you had been hit and taken to the hospital and the last reports from you showed that you had been unconscious for thirty hours I gave up all hopes. I felt almost as if a sister of mine was passing from earth away. Well, well, but how strangely things do turn out. Here you are, in the best of health and with a complexion that a princess might envy, and all the time I have thought of you as lying 'neath the willow.'"

"Sir, you owe me for doing up seventeen shirts," solemnly replied the woman, not in the least flattered by his words.

"It cannot be, Mrs. Hazleton—it cannot be. I never owned seventeen shirts at once in my life."

"Then it was doing up one shirt seventeen times, which amounts to the same thing. I was never struck by an auto. I never went to the hospital. No policeman ever held any conversation with you about me. You simply tried to blink me. I have been looking for you for weeks. I have found you. I want my money."

"My dear, dear woman, do you know what a coincidence is?" asked the major as he walked about.

"You owe me for seventeen shirts, sir."

"And I sat here thinking of you as you entered that door. I was wondering if you had a tombstone at your grave. As I wondered the tears came to my eyes. In my days of poverty you were one of the few who trusted me. Instead of demanding cash down when I came for my shirt you wrapped it up and mailed it to me. Many and many a time I vowed that—"

"You vowed that you would dead-beat me, and you did, but you'll pay now or there'll be a row."

"And when I got to thinking that your grave was unmarked I felt it my duty to order a tombstone for it. I should have got one with a lamb on top. It would have stated that you were virtuous, honest and always iron-

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